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A

MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL HARVEY TAYLOR.

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TO

MRS. S. H. TAYLOR,

OUR CONSTANT FRIEND,

This Memorial

IS INSCRIBED.

123077

RESOLUTION.

AT a meeting of the SENIOR CLASS in PHILLIPS ACADEMY, held Feb. 27, 1871, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: —

WHEREAS, We wish to render an humble tribute to our devoted Instructor, the late Dr. S. H. TAYLOR;

RESOLVED, That a Committee of five be appointed to confer with the friends of the deceased, and, if in accordance with their wishes, to publish a Memorial Volume.

H. S. VAN DUZER,
C. F. CUTTER,
CHARLES ISHAM,
C. F. THWING,
F. C. S. BARTLETT,
} *Committee.*

CONTENTS.

I.

Address by Professor Edwards A. Park 9

II.

Selections from the Scriptures, read by Professor John L. Taylor 55

III.

Sermon by Professor J. W. Churchill 61

IV.

Appendix 105

Resolutions by the Members of the Academy, and by the Alumni.

Note A. — Circumstances of Dr. Taylor's Death.

Note B. — Reminiscences of a Pupil of Dr. Taylor.

Note C. — Account of the Funeral Services.

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Memorial Address.

By Prof. Edwards A. Park.

It is told of Saladin, the champion of Islamism, that — after he had retaken the Holy City; subjugated numerous fortresses in Syria, Arabia, Persia, and Mesopotamia; performed so many exploits in the crusades as to be designated "the Great" — he was seized with a disorder which threatened to wither up at once all his garlands of victory. When he saw that death was inevitable, he called his herald who used to carry his banner before him, took his lance which had so often been shaken in

Note. — This address was delivered on the 2d of February, 1871, in the large hall of Phillips Academy. As the author was absent from Andover on the sabbath of Dr. Taylor's decease, Jan. 29, and as he could not begin to write the address until the following Tuesday, and was obliged to deliver it on the next Thursday, he has added a few sentences which he had not time to insert in the original manuscript.

battle, tied his shroud to the top of his lance, and then said to the herald, "Go unfurl this shroud in the camp. It is the flag of the day. Wave it in the air, and proclaim, 'This is all that remains of Saladin the Great, the conqueror, the king of the empire; all that remains of all his glory!'" But, when a good man dies, we cannot say that all which remains of him is the coffin and the shroud. He has lived in his thoughts and deeds; he still lives in the remembrance of them. They are like seeds planted by the water-courses: they spring up, and bear fruit; and he lives in their perennial life.

When George Whitefield died, he did not pass away from among men: he lived in those of his survivors whose character he had improved. He preached one sermon in the native town of the friend who has just left us; and one of our friend's ancestors was morally transformed by the instrumentality of that sermon. That ancestor exerted a marked influence on the mother of Dr. Taylor, and she exerted an obvious influence on him: so that there is one important sense in which

George Whitefield has been living through the last three and thirty years in Phillips Academy. There is more than one important sense in which he that believeth in Christ shall never die.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, in consequence of the persecutions of the Covenanters, a company of devout Scotchmen left their homes for the north of Ireland. In the year 1719, sixteen families of these devoted pioneers came to this land, and established themselves in the old township of Londonderry, New Hampshire. During that and the following year, more than four times their number joined them in the new colony. Mr. Horace Greeley, one of their descendants, says, "They were eminently men of conviction. They saw clearly, they reasoned fearlessly, and they did not hesitate to follow wherever truth led the way. I presume," he adds, "more teachers now living trace their descent to the Scotch-Irish pioneers of Londonderry than to an equal number anywhere else."[1] One of

[1] The hearty and life-long interest which Dr. Taylor cherished in his native town was constantly strengthened by the history of the men who

these Londonderry emigrants was Matthew Taylor. He held the title-deed of his farm from Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth; and that farm had been previously owned by John Leverett, Governor of Massachusetts Colony. On that ancestral land, now within the township of Derry, lived and died Mat-

descended from its first settlers. Among the teachers thus descended are Presidents McKeen of Bowdoin, and Aiken of Union College; Professors Jarvis Gregg, W. A. Packard; Joseph McKeen, Rev. James Means. Among the clergymen are Rev. David McGregor, son of the first pastor of the town (Rev. James McGregor), and ancestor of a large and distinguished family; Rev. Samuel Taggart of Coleraine, Massachusetts; Rev James Miltimore of Newburyport; Rev. Rufus Anderson of Wenham, "who at the close of his life was preparing an historical work on Modern Missions to the Heathen," and whose son, Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson of Boston, is the historian of the missions under the care of the A. B. C. F. M.; Rev. Silas McKeen of Bradford, Vermont; Rev. Dr. Morrison; Rev. James T. McCollom. Among the jurists and statesmen are John Bell, member of the Provincial Congress; John and Samuel Bell, both governors of New Hampshire; Judge Jeremiah Smith. Among the military men are General George Reid and General John Stark. Of the Londonderry immigrants and their posterity who have attained distinction in other States the number is not known; but, "of those who have become eminent in New Hampshire, six have been governors of the State; nine have been members of Congress; five, judges of the Supreme Court; two, members of the Provincial Congress; and one of these was a signer of the Declaration of Independence." — REV. E. L. PARKER: *History of Londonderry.*

thew Taylor. There were born his children, and many of his children's children. There Samuel Harvey Taylor, a descendant of the fourth generation from Matthew, was born, on the 3d of October, 1807.[1] His father, Captain James Taylor, was a man of sterling integrity and high Christian principle. He was for a long time a deacon of the church in Derry, as his son has been for a long time a deacon of the church on this hill. He was obliged to be absent from home during a large part of Samuel Harvey's childhood and youth; and therefore, even at the age of eight years, our lamented friend was called to discharge a

[1] The original settlers of Londonderry, New Hampshire, emigrated from the city or the neighborhood of Londonderry in Ireland. When that city was besieged in 1688 by the troops of Lord Antrim, defending the cause of James against William, Prince of Orange, and when some of these troops approached the city gate, and demanded that it be opened, thirteen young men, fearing that the mayor and some of the citizens would be treasonable, "rushed to the main guard, seized the keys, after a slight opposition, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate just as the soldiers were about to enter" (Rev. E. L. Parker's "History of Londonderry," pp. 10, 11). One of these young men was named Samuel Harvey. This fact suggested the Christian name of Dr. Taylor, one of whose maternal ancestors had the maiden name of Harvey, and perhaps belonged to the family of the resolute young hero of Londonderry.

series of duties which are not ordinarily expected of early boyhood. At the age of fourteen years, the conduct of two extensive farms was, in large measure, committed to him. He superintended the workmen, he mingled in their labors, and learned thus early in life the principles of secular business, the art of government, and the details of hard work. Even then his industry and energy qualified him to exact the same traits from the men whom he employed. His example justified his tones of command; and his tones were singularly effectual.

He who understands one thing knows many others; and, by learning the processes of agriculture and the methods of dealing with business-men, our friend prepared himself for the large variety of miscellaneous affairs which he was called to manage in various departments of life. Until the age of eighteen, he intended and expected to cultivate his ancestral acres. He had been accustomed to rise often at three o'clock in the morning, and to labor with unremitted diligence through the day, and had gained a hardihood of constitution which prom-

ised a long life of manual toil. It did give him a life singularly free from physical pain. But, in consequence of being thrown from a wagon, he lost, in some degree, his power of physical endurance ; and he decided to pursue a literary life. In his mature age, whenever he passed the scene of this accident, he was accustomed to say, "Here I began my education." That one fall from a wagon has resulted in his affecting the character of six thousand pupils.

From his early childhood he had manifested a passion for books ; and it was now with intense delight that he began to prepare himself for college. He entered Pinkerton Academy, in his native town, and studied with his characteristic vehemence. Being unwilling to lose the time which that academy devoted to a vacation, he spent one vacation, at least, in Atkinson Academy; and rejoined the school of his native town at the commencement of the new term. Thus at the beginning, as through the progress, of his literary life, he kept himself under discipline. He prepared himself to enter the sophomore class of Dartmouth College, after only two years of academic study. The

winter vacations of his college-life he spent in teaching district schools. Still he was graduated with honor in the class of 1832.[1]

While at Hanover, he began his distinctively religious life. When he entered the college, he intended to be a physician; when he left it, he intended to be a minister of the gospel. He came at once to Andover, and entered the Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1832. Professor Stuart and Dr. Edward Robinson often expressed their admiration of his zeal and accuracy in his Hebrew and Greek studies. Dr. Woods was pleased with his patient thought and conservative tendencies; for, throughout his life, Dr. Taylor cherished the principles and habits of conservatism. As a theological student, he was animated with a missionary spirit; and he earnestly deliberated on the question of devoting his life to the foreign service.

He had acquired such a reputation as a

[1] Rev. Dr. Noyes, professor in Dartmouth College, where he was a classmate of Mr. Taylor in 1829–32, has made valuable suggestions to the writer in regard to the worth of his associate, and says, "The friends of his early years who survive him will cherish his memory with the warmest affection. His name will long be associated with this college as one of the most useful and honored of her sons."

scholar and a teacher, that Mr. Osgood Johnson, then the accomplished principal of Phillips Academy, and a man of the rarest gifts and graces, was importunate in his solicitations that Mr. Taylor would become an assistant in the school. In 1834, our friend yielded to the request of Mr. Johnson. He was so eminently successful in his work, that, after he had spent more than a year in it, he was invited to take the permanent office of assistant principal in the academy. He declined the invitation. His pupils met in a field or in a grove, and passed a unanimous vote urging the trustees to renew their invitation, and urging him to accept it; but he insisted on declining it, and soon entered on a tutorship at Dartmouth College. He remained in this office through the collegiate year of 1836 and 1837. He had been "approbated" to preach the gospel; and, while laboring at the college during the week, he was accustomed to labor in some pulpit on the sabbath. He was then an acceptable preacher, and was urged to take the pastorate of an important church in New Hampshire. His tutorship also was emi-

nently successful. Once he invited members of his class to meet him for the purpose of engaging in a voluntary study of the Greek preposition. He did not expect that more than ten or twelve would let their zeal for the classics carry them beyond the requisitions of college-law. He was surprised to find that nearly the whole class accepted his invitation; and, after preparing himself for his regular exercises, he spent four hours every day in preparing himself for this voluntary exercise, which was made interesting to his pupils by his enthusiasm in it. Amid all these miscellaneous duties of his tutorship at Hanover, he still prosecuted his theological studies; spent his winter vacation at Andover as a member of the senior class in the seminary; received the regular diploma in the autumn of 1837; and in the same autumn, having previously declined an invitation to teach in a New-England city, he commenced his duties as the principal of Phillips Academy.

The first principal of this academy was Dr. Eliphalet Pearson; the fourth principal was Dr. John Adams: both of them were highly

distinguished men, and both strict disciplinarians. They introduced a rigid government as a characteristic of the school; and, when the trustees appointed Mr. Taylor as principal, they intended and expected that he would be faithful to the traditions of the office. He was constitutionally fitted for a disciplinarian. He had an instinct of government. This had been strengthend in his boyhood. All men are not qualified for the same method of action. Every man must pursue that method for which God has adapted him. "Let the earth bring forth the herb yielding seed *after his kind*, and the tree yielding fruit *after his kind*," was the original law of Nature. The oak was not to bear roses, and the eglantine was not to send forth the gnarled branches of the oak. Professor Patterson, now a senator at Washington, one of the descendants of the Londonderry colonists, says, "Profound convictions, an inflexible will, and strong sensibilities, are the natural inheritance of our people." Dr. Taylor shared largely in this inheritance. He had a stern conscience, a keen sense of duty, a deep regard for obligation. It was his firm belief that men in the

learned professions would accomplish more than they now do, if they were more regular in their habits of study, if they had their fixed hours for intellectual toil: he therefore deemed it his duty to insist on strict regularity in his school. The future usefulness of his pupils required it. He believed that one of the dangers to which this democratic land lies exposed is a disrespect for law: he therefore believed that he was performing an act of kindness to his pupils when he was accustoming them to obey. He believed, that, if they would yield their wills to the authority of a school, they would more easily yield their individual interests to the civil government, and would be more apt to prostrate themselves before the Infinite Ruler and Sovereign. He believed that indolence is not only a besetting sin of men, but the parent of a numerous progeny of other sins: he regarded himself, therefore, as performing an act of kindness for his scholars, whenever he broke up their habits of idleness. He loved labor; he had inured himself to it; he required of others no harder tasks than he had performed himself. He was apt to wonder

that any of his pupils did not love what he loved, and was consequently more willing to require by law those duties, which, when habitual, would be a source of delight. Being himself enamoured of study, he was surprised when any of his pupils had not a similar passion for science and literature; he was thus the more willing to raise the strong arm of authority, and to exact those habits of thought and reading which form the dignity of manhood and the solace of old age: he was conscientious in the belief that classical learning is important for the welfare of our republic; that our statesmen should be imbued with a love for the great writers of antiquity; that our popular literature should be permeated with the elegance and the grace which come from intimate communion with the sages and the poets of Greece and Rome. He therefore believed that he was discharging the duties of a good citizen and a patriot, when he was holding up a high standard of classical learning, and urging young men up to that standard, himself leading the way in the laborious ascent, and demanding that his pupils follow him. These

were the principles on which he began and continued and ended his course as the head master of Phillips Academy.

It need not, as it cannot, be said that he was immaculate in following out these principles. With all his dignity and authority he was a modest man.[1] He did not claim to be perfect, he only cherished the humble but assured trust that the main principles of his government were in accordance with the spirit of good citizenship, sound learning, and rational piety. His self-distrust was not always understood. It has been noticed, that a man of moral courage sometimes assumes an authoritative manner in order to resist or conceal his constitutional diffidence. Dr. Taylor has been known to speak a word of command with great reluctance, and to speak it in a tone more mandatory than he would have employed if he had not desired to overcome his native bashfulness.

It need not, as it cannot, be said that he had all the qualifications of an eminent teacher.

[1] "I have great reason to condemn myself that I have done so little to secure the great end for which I was created." This is a specimen of the self-depreciating remarks with which his private letters abound.

He counted not himself to have apprehended, but, until the last day of his life, he pressed forward that he might attain, the completeness for the want of which he sighed. It is enough to say that he had some remarkable qualifications for a good instructor. Let us meditate on a few of them.

He united accuracy in the details of classical literature with an enthusiasm in its general spirit. Accuracy is essential to the success of a teacher, but does not insure it. Our friend was correct in the minutiæ of the Latin and Greek languages. In his view, no error was trivial. With scrupulous care he exposed the slightest mistake of a pupil. He was not, however, so engrossed in looking at the trees, that he failed to see the grove.

He did find a pleasure in interpreting the Greek particles. When he first studied the Greek accents, he was transported with delight, as if he had been reading a romance; but he also looked beyond the points and the declensions and the various readings. It was the thought, the principle, the theory, of the great authors, it was the living sentiment as well

as the "winged words" of Homer, it was the strong sense as well as the compressed diction of Sallust, that aroused him. He was interested in the historical genius of Xenophon; he caught the poetic fire of Homer; his memory was replete with sound and terse apothegms from Livy and Tacitus; he quoted them with fervor on fit occasions; and he was at home amid the mountains and the groves and the streams of Greece and Italy. He was not wild in his classical enthusiasm; for he had too much of scholarly accuracy to be wild. He was not coldly correct in his interpretations; for he had too much enthusiasm to be critically dull.

He also combined, in an uncommon degree, a quickness of perception with a solidity of judgment. His rapidity of thought may have been the result of his hard work, and his familiarity with his lessons; but it surprised his pupils. The celerity with which he detected an error, analyzed a sentence, compared different constructions, appeared magical. Men of this rapid thought are apt to err. They make more mistakes than other men, because they form more opinions than others. But, while our friend

was rapid, he was also cautious. Perhaps he was as much distinguished for prudence as for quickness. Naturally self-distrustful, he did not choose to express an opinion until he had carefully examined it. Hence his judgment was respected by his pupils: it was law.

He united a singular devotion to classical literature with a general interest in scholarly pursuits and the affairs of life. By no means was he a mere student of the Latin and Greek languages. He was not ill acquainted with theology. He was not ill versed in the history of doctrine. He was not a stranger to the theories of political economy and international law. He had formed his opinions on English, French, and German history. He had read with great care the poems of Dante, the writings of Burke, the best works on art. He was not a poor critic of sculpture or painting or music; of all which he was a loving student. He knew well the history of his native land. He was familiar with the local annals of his native State. He understood the policy of his adopted Commonwealth. He had a fresh interest in the affairs of this town. He knew

well the dangers — such as have been experienced in Göttingen, Halle, Jena — of a collision between the pupils of a large school and the surrounding community. During the last thirty-three years, he has devoted much of his practical wisdom to the preventing of these collisions, to the interweaving of the sympathies of the school with the sympathies of the town, to the convincing of the people that Phillips Academy was one means of giving to Andover that "good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Indeed, the multifariousness of his talents for mingling with different classes in the community was one of his prominent distinctions. While there are some who associate his name with strict government, others associate it with generous friendship and good cheer. During the last quarter of a century, there has not been in his native town a festival or celebration which would not have seemed incomplete if he had not presided over it, or been a prominent actor in it. The school-children of that beautiful town were glad when they saw him; for he was a tender friend to them. I

have been with him when he was appraising an estate, and he seemed to be in a wonted employment. I have been with him when he was conversing with a widow who had but a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse, and he conversed as if his business had been to relieve the timid. I have been with him when he was conversing with the President of the United States, and he appeared well fitted to be a counsellor of the Magistrate. The foreman and the journeymen of the printing-office looked up to him as a good adviser; and the conductors on the railroads sat down with him as their friend. During the last thirty years there has been on this hill scarcely a single funeral which he has not superintended. This many-sided interest in the concerns of life gave to a large community a firm confidence in him. This public confidence was communicated to his pupils. They caught the spirit of the community. The vast majority of them believed in him.

Dr. Taylor combined a clear perception of truth with a personal and growing interest in it. He who would instruct others must him-

self understand what he would impart; must not only know the truth, but know that he knows it; must not only be confident, but progressive. He who ceases to learn ceases to teach. Every day, Dr. Taylor studied the lesson on which he criticised his pupils. He read the new commentaries, German and English; and, when he came before his class, he was not only familiar with their lesson, but some of his ideas on it were new and fresh to himself. It was obvious that he loved the Greek verb; that he felt a personal interest in the Greek syntax. An offence against the laws of the Latin language seemed to be a personal injury to himself; and, on the other hand, he was wont to speak as if he felt a personal gratitude to some of his pupils for their neat or exact renderings of the classics.

The scene in his recitation-room reminded one of a torrent rushing onward to the sea; one wave not waiting for another, but every wave hastening forward as if instinct with life. Every mind was on the alert. Those who were naturally quick learned to be accurate before him; those who were naturally slow

spurred themselves onward before him. He not only had a knowledge of his theme, and an interest in it, but a knowledge of his pupils, and an interest in them. He well understood the nature of young men: he divined their thoughts; his insight of their character appeared at times mysterious; he knew how to incite and embolden them. He derived a fresh esteem for them from the very fact that they could be incited to study, and emboldened to press through obstacles.[1]

Dr. Taylor combined in a peculiar degree the factitious with the natural qualifications for a teacher. His stalwart person, sonorous voice, strong emphasis, gave him one kind of power. His name had become a symbol of trustworthiness; and, as success is the means of succeeding, his reputation gave him another kind of power, — a kind which it will require years for another man to gain. His example of punctuality, energy, and enterprise (his study-lamp regularly burning at six o'clock of

[1] Here the author was intending to read a letter which he had requested one of Dr. Taylor's pupils to write; but he could not read it because it was given him at too late an hour. See Appendix, Note B.

a winter's morning, and nine o'clock of an evening), gave a distinct force to his admonitions. To all these requisites, he added a passion for training the youthful mind. He was an educator by nature. He was in his element when his pupils were before him, and his words were summoning them to exertion with a kind of talismanic force. He had chosen the right profession for himself; here was his wisdom: he was exerting his powers in the way for which they were signally adapted; here was his faithfulness to himself and to his Maker. His love of teaching young men proved that he was called of God to the office; and his conscientious diligence in his work proved that he heard and obeyed the Master's voice.

I do not overlook the fact, that, for nearly a hundred years, objections have been urged against the rigor of discipline maintained in Phillips Academy. In adhering to the traditions of the school, it was to be expected that Dr. Taylor would sometimes err in supposing that other young men could do with hard toil what he had done so resolutely. But, while critics repeat some of his reproving words,

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they are apt to forget that he was a very model of patience in helping dull scholars if they were industrious; a very model of perseverance in explaining the text, and repeating his explanations, until he made it clear to obtuse minds, if they meant well. He had a reverence for good intentions. He loved the sterling virtues of his pupils. He prized their moral excellence more than their mental acumen. Hundreds of these pupils confess that he started them in their career of usefulness, breathed courage into them if they were timorous; and, when he refused to do their work for them, he gave them a richer benefit in stimulating them to do their own work for themselves. He valued his pupils, not so much for what they knew, as for what they could and would learn. He did not love to crowd their memory with thoughts, so much as to enable them to think. He was careful not to overload their minds, and equally careful to develop them. His aim was not to give them knowledge, but to qualify them for getting it.

He ascertained in some unaccountable way the circumstances of his pupils. He knew

their fears and their sufferings. He interested himself in behalf of the poor and the sick; he provided reliefs for them. He dispensed charities with singular prudence. He did not let his pupils know when these charities came from himself. He did not tell his left hand what his right hand did. He waited patiently for the sentence: "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Of his six thousand pupils, it cannot be expected that all would love him. He had a positive character. He was a positive character. He spoke positive words: he did positive deeds. It must needs be that such a man will give offence to some; but I have met men at the Falls of St. Anthony, and on the Alleghany Mountains, on a Mediterranean steamboat, on the plains of Africa, at Constantinople and Athens, — men who were strangers to me, but who gave me a hearty welcome because I lived in the house next to that of their former instructor. They inquired for his welfare, showed a pride in having been his pupils, and expressed the joy which they would feel if the

minds of their children could be moulded by his strong hand. He can well afford to let us admit that he was not a perfect man. He can well afford to be judged by the main current of his influence, rather than by a few insulated acts. The great argument in favor of him as an instructor is the general history of his school. When he became its principal, it was far less prominent than now, although fewer schools were then in existence. It had far less influence than now upon the colleges and universities of the land, and was far less conspicuous in the history of our national literature. Often there had not been more than a hundred men in the academy during a single year: under his care, the number has been sometimes nearly three hundred. Before he came, the senior class, to whom the principal mainly devoted himself, consisted, on an average, of about twenty members; but since he came the class has consisted of thirty-five, forty, forty-three, forty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty-four, and seventy-three members. The senior class has been the great magnet of the institution; attracting young men to it from the planta-

tions of Georgia, the cotton-fields of Louisiana, the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, the Canadian Provinces. Since he has instructed it, not less than fourteen hundred and seventeen young men have belonged to it. Of the men who finished their studies in his especial class, those who knew him best loved him most: the reverence of many has deepened as their age has mellowed; and not a few, grateful for the discipline which they once condemned, have been glad to honor him by owning, "He has done more than any other man to form our character, and shape our life." Pupils entered his school as boys, and left it as men: he was the first instructor who gave them an inspiration for their work; and, such is the grateful habit of scholars, the earliest benefactor of their minds is the last to be forgotten. Many young men who have applied for admission to this school have been refused; many who have obtained admission have been sent away. There have been no factitious means of swelling the number of the students; no artifices have been resorted to; and the history of the institution has verified one of Dr.

Taylor's maxims, — that the success of a seminary of learning depends not so much on the place of it as on the worth of it; its permanent growth depends, not on the fopperies of its scholarship, but on the hard work performed, on the exact discipline maintained, on the living enthusiasm enkindled in it. His great arguments for Phillips Academy have been, the stillness observed in its study-hours by day, the livelong quiet of the night, the punctual attention of the young men to the academy bell, their devotion to their books, their living interest in the great truths of Christianity.

While Dr. Taylor appeared to be thus absorbed in the academy, he found time for other avocations. He was for thirty-three years a member of the Board of Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, and the clerk of the board. For many years, he was also the librarian of the seminary, a member of the Examining Committee of Harvard College, a member of the Oriental Society, a member and president of the Board of Trustees of Pinkerton Academy, and also of the

Adams Female Seminary in Derry, New Hampshire. He took a personal interest in the welfare of these two schools, — a deep interest in our colleges, whose curriculum of study he was habitually striving to enlarge. He attended the meetings of associations of teachers, and contributed to them interesting papers relating to mental culture, some of which have been extensively read.

Besides his various essays which have appeared in the periodicals devoted to education, he was engaged in the publishing of several important volumes. In 1843, he gave to the public a "Guide for writing Latin," translated from the German of John Phillip Krebs. In connection with Professor B. B. Edwards of Andover, he published in 1844 a "Grammar of the Greek Language," for the use of high schools and colleges, translated from the German of Dr. Raphael Kühner. In 1846, he published an "Elementary Greek Grammar," compiled from a work of Dr. Kühner. Of this grammar twenty editions have been printed; and he was preparing an entirely new edition of it at the time of his death. The German

author of these grammars has frequently expressed his admiration of the manner in which they have been translated into English. Partly in consequence of the skill developed in them, Dr. Taylor was honored in 1854 by the corporation of Brown University, then under the presidency of Francis Wayland, with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1851, he assisted in editing "The History of Londonderry," and prefaced it with a Memoir, in fifty-five pages, of Rev. Edward L. Parker, the "model pastor," who had written the history. Dr. Taylor's Memoir gives many indications of the good influence which had been exerted on his mind by his early reverence for ministers of the gospel, as well as by the correlative fact that the minister who had shaped his boyhood was worthy of that reverence.[1] In 1861, he published a vol-

[1] Among the many suggestions in this Memoir is the following: "A failure at an examination is always humbling; but it is doubly so when made in the presence of one whom we know to feel a lively interest in our improvement. The writer has not yet forgotten his own mortified feelings at failing to perform an exercise in the presence of his pastor, nor the resolution he then formed not to be found deficient on a similar occasion. How many youthful minds have been

ume which illustrates his own method of teaching, and is entitled "Method of Classical Study; illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek Authors." In 1865, he published the "Memorial" of his brother-in-law, Joseph P. Fairbanks, a liberal benefactor of the literary institutions and the clergy of Vermont. In 1870, appeared his last finished volume, entitled "Classical Study; its Value illustrated by Extracts from the Writings of Eminent Scholars," with an Introduction by himself.

From the year 1852 to the time of his death, he was an editor of the "Bibliotheca Sacra." He corrected the proof-sheets of eighteen volumes of this quarterly, and wrote several anonymous articles for it. If the labor which he spent upon it had been devoted to a lucrative employment, it would have yielded him a large income; but his labor was chiefly a labor of love. He was frugal yet generous in the use of money. He had offers of large salaries,

thus quickened to nobler exertions cannot be told; but without doubt not a few owe their first zealous impulse to study to the manifest interest and the counsels of their pastor at these school visitations." — p. 34.

if he would resort to other fields of labor; but his desire was to be useful rather than to be rich. As he was not avaricious, neither was he ambitious: at least he was not ambitious for himself, although he may have been for his school and for classical learning. He was the recipient of various honors; but he cast all his laurels down at the foot of the academy which he loved, and of the cross which he loved still more.

The zeal with which he prepared himself for the exercises of his schoolroom is well illustrated in a brief narrative of the foreign tour which he took in 1856. On the 7th of March, he left New York for Havre; spent two days in Paris; one day at Marseilles; one at Malta, where he examined with intense interest the scenes of the shipwreck of the apostle Paul; two days at Alexandria, where he studied the history of the Greek and Roman conquerors, and of the Church fathers who there immortalized their names; several days at Cairo, whence he made expeditions to Heliopolis, where Solon, Plato, and perhaps Moses, once resided, and where stands the

obelisk which the patriarch Joseph and his father Jacob had probably looked upon; and to the supposed site of Memphis, where many notable events of Egyptian history occurred, and whence arose several legends of the Greek mythology. He literally revelled among these scenes. It is characteristic of him, that, exactly one month after the day of his leaving New York, he was on the top of the Pyramid of Ghizeh. He then hastened to the ancient Joppa, and soon took up his abode for several days in Jerusalem, the city of his love. He wandered all alone, absorbed in religious meditation, on the Mount of Olives. He examined with great minuteness the topography of the city, and qualified himself to give several lectures on the streets, the hills, the buildings, both of ancient and modern Jerusalem. Some of these lectures he has since delivered, gratuitously, as was his wont, to schools and churches other than his own. He spent about five weeks in Palestine, studying the geography and the history of its old cities, exploring, as far as he could, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, and gathering a rich harvest of

biblical learning and Christian sentiment from the places which have been consecrated by the feet of prophets and apostles and by the great Teacher of the world. From Palestine he hastened to catch a sight of the plains of Troy, the old camp-ground of Xenophon, the places where the Persian or Grecian armies crossed the Hellespont or the Bosphorus; and then, leaving the Golden Horn, he took up his residence in Athens. Here he obtained accurate and vivid ideas of the ancient Parthenon and the Erectheum, of the Pnyx and the Bema, the quarries of Hymettus, the shore of Phalerum. He delighted most of all in walking over the Areopagus, and surveying the scenes which Paul must have had in view, standing and speaking on that rock. He strove to identify the Academy of Plato and the Lycaeum of Aristotle. Amid all these objects of classical interest, he was accumulating stores of learning for his pupils. On the ninth day of June last, I was wandering by moonlight amid the ruins of the Acropolis, and was accompanied by a native Greek, who had been educated at an American college, and who

explained to me the manner in which the marble pillars of the Parthenon were constructed. I had never read an account of the architectural principles developed in those pillars, and of the manner in which those huge marble blocks had been so beautifully arranged one over another. I expressed my admiration of those principles and of the ingenuity with which they had been detected. My companion told me, that he had not gained that knowledge from books, but that he had happened one day to attend a lecture in Phillips Academy, and he heard these principles described by Dr. Taylor; and that I had come all the way to Athens to learn what I might have been told by my nearest neighbor at home.

From this beautiful city Dr. Taylor made excursions to Marathon and Eleusis, and to various scenes made immortal by the genius of Demosthenes. He regaled his eyes and his mind by the sight of Corinth and Mount Olympus, and the islands of the Aegean Sea, which he described in a learned and stirring letter to his pupils. He then hastened to the ancient Brundusium, where the poet Virgil

died; examined the structure of the Roman temples, theatres, and palaces at Herculaneum and Pompeii; studied the Museum of Antiquities at Naples; made excursions to Paestum, where he admired the Temple of Neptune, and wondered at the mystery of its origin; to Baiae and Puteoli; to the scenes rendered interesting by the Muse of Virgil, his favorite Latin poet, and by the residence and death of Cicero, his favorite orator. He then repaired to Rome, where he dwelt in his own hired house; studied the antiquities of the city from early morning to the setting of the sun; spent his evenings, as he had spent them during his whole tour, in making exact records of his daily observations. He wandered to the beautiful site of Tusculum and the charming scenes of Tivoli: and, after devoting four weeks to a minute investigation of the Roman antiquities, he repaired to Florence; consecrated his days there to the examination of the old museums; rose at three o'clock on one morning, and climbed the hill of Fiesole, immortalized by Galileo and Milton, by Lorenzo the Magnificent, but especially by

the old Pelasgic walls, which stood firm before the foundations of the city of Rome had been laid. He then resorted to the Swiss mountains, where he was as faithful in examining the wonders of Nature as he had been in examining the wonders of Art. It seemed as if he would shout for joy as he looked up to Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau. Sometimes, in view of these scenes, he could not be persuaded to remain on his horse: he insisted on walking with his head uncovered, feeling a close contact with the ground, making himself one with the landscape that charmed him. The sunrise and the sunset he watched from the peaks of Switzerland with faithful interest; and more than once he has described them, as if he had been a poet, to his pupils.

He next visited the old German universities; the great schools of England and Scotland, — such as Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, — where he formed many acquaintances with men whom he valued, and who valued him. He was welcomed with distinguishing kindness by Mr. George Peabody, who afterwards became a generous bene-

factor of Phillips Academy; and also by the family of the late Dr. Arnold at Fox How. On one day he walked through the streets of Edinburgh early in the morning; left the city at eight o'clock; carefully examined Stirling Castle; took a boat at the foot of Loch Lomond, and sailed to the landing-place opposite Ben Lomond; left the boat, and spent two hours in walking up the mountain; descended to the landing-place; took another boat to the head of the lake; and then wrote a description of the scenes he had witnessed, — the battle-fields of Robert Bruce; the dwelling-place and burial-place of the McGregors (the clan in which he retained through life the interest of his boyhood); the cave, prison, and grave of Rob Roy; the Grampian Hills, and other spots famous in history or romance. This is a record of a single day: this illustrates the spirit of his entire journey. And at length, having wearied out all his fellow-travellers; having gathered books and maps,[1] and

[1] After his return from his tour, he formed the plan, novel and elaborate, of four large wall-maps of Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and a part of Southern Italy. The maps have been beautifully prepared according to his original plan, and used by him in lecturing to literary institutions.

pictures and statuettes, and relics of Europe, Africa, and Asia; having been absent from his academy only six months, and having accomplished what the majority of scholars would not have done in twelve months, — he reached his home fresh and vigorous for his work; better prepared than ever to instruct his pupils, to quicken their interest in all truth, and especially to give those biblical lessons, for one of which he sacrificed his life.

When we saw Dr. Taylor verifying the thousands of references in his Greek grammars, we could not easily imagine him as capable of being transported with the emotions of taste. But he was so. During a storm at sea, he pleaded, and he was the only passenger allowed, to remain on deck; where he stood at the peril of his life, admiring the grandeur of the ocean. Many of his relatives were soldiers, some of them in the Revolutionary war; and he had a touch of the military spirit. This was seen when he superintended an exercise of the fire-engine company which was composed of his pupils. As he spoke to them he had a kind of talismanic power over them: they

moved at his word as if it had been an electric shock. At such times, it was not easy to form a picture of him as mourning over his faults; but his friends knew him to be a humble imitator of the Man who was meek and lowly. When he heard the bells of Notre Dame, he said, "This compensates me for crossing the ocean." When he looked at Cleopatra's Needle, and other relics at Alexandria, he said, "These repay me for all that I have expended in my tour." But there was no scene in all his foreign travel which delighted him so much as those scenes in which he held spiritual communion with the missionaries of the cross at the hour of worship. He sat down at the sacramental table in Cairo: only a few persons were present, and they were from seven different nations; he felt a union of spirit with the seven great churches of the world; while he was thus keeping the Christian passover, he seemed to feel a oneness with the saints who instituted the Jewish passover not far from that very spot. He was more overpowered by that religious memorial than by any of the human monuments which interested him.

His piety was not of that kind which often effervesces into rhapsody; but it was sound and deep. It was remarkable for its freedom from pretence and parade. It was characterized, not so much by a fervor of utterance as by a readiness to deny himself for the sake of duty. Few men have had so strong a desire as he for social intercourse, and still have indulged that desire so little when their duty called them to work in solitude. From the very first of his public life, the choice of doing what he ought to do was the principle of his conduct. While a member of the Theological Seminary, thirty-four years ago, he wrote, "If I have learned any one thing by experience, it is, that the path of duty is the only way to secure true happiness. It may look dark and dangerous at first; but its end will surely be bright and cheering. It terminates in peace and joy. Oh! I desire more and more to know and do the simple will of my heavenly Father." As at the first, so to the very last, of his public life, the same resolute choice of doing what he ought to do moved him onward. "My duty is to my scholars" were among the few words

which he uttered just before he stepped out of his house for the last time. He was reminded of his duty to himself, to his health; but, as he was wont to sacrifice himself for his pupils, he repeated the words, "My first duty lies with the school."

It is not given unto man to choose the opportunity of his departure from life. In the Litany of the English Church, there is offered the prayer for deliverance from sudden death. In one of the London churches, the supplication is offered for rescue from sudden death for which the dying is unprepared. We have read of military chieftains, who, before expiring in their quiet homes, expressed a wish that they might have died on the field of battle, with their swords in their hands, and their soldiers standing around them. On the last Saturday of the life of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, he discharged his duties as usual, and, although slightly ill, felt no indications of any alarming result. But, early on sabbath morning, his illness returned; and it was announced to his bewildered pupils that "Dr. Arnold was dead." Five days ago, on the last Saturday morning,

Dr. Taylor appeared in his usual health, exhibited his wonted vigor in the exercises of his school, visited Boston and Cambridge in the afternoon; and, although he felt for a time a slight indisposition, he returned to his home with more than usual buoyancy of spirit. He rose on sabbath morning, prepared himself for his large Bible-class, but complained, as Dr. Arnold had done, of a stricture across his chest. He was importuned to omit the biblical exercise, and to remain at home; but for a biblical exercise like this he had been disciplining his mind and his heart by long-continued toil; this was his most important study; this was his chief joy; and we have seen that to leave a duty unperformed was not his nature. He went forth like a hero, carrying his New Testament through the deep and rapidly falling snow to this building, which had been erected under his care, and according to his plan. He loved the very edifice itself. His pupils were assembling to receive his Christian instruction; the bell was yet tolling; he stopped in the vestibule of his academy; his countenance was changed; he fell; he said not a word; he neither sighed

nor groaned, but ascended from the circle of his astonished and loving and weeping pupils to mingle with the angels of God. Bearing the sacred volume, he had passed through the storm; and then the door of his schoolroom proved to be "the gate of heaven." "And he was not; for God took him."[1]

He had been a man of deeds rather than a man of words. He never loved to expose his religious feelings to the public gaze; but he had a cautious though firm hope of his acceptance with his Redeemer; and that hope, we feel assured, is now swallowed up in vision. It would have been a pain to him if his imperial memory had faded gradually away; if his massive judgment had slowly degenerated into that of a second childhood; if his resolute will had become sickly and feeble. He would have chosen to die with all his armor on; when his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated; when his life was well rounded and complete, and when he could leave to his pupils the example of a man strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. He would have

[1] See Note A, Appendix.

chosen to begin his sabbath in his favorite academy, there to be surrounded with the scholars whom he loved, and to end that same sabbath in the company of the great teachers of the Church, the sainted scholars of ancient and modern times, his venerated and pious ancestors, and, above all, in the company of the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

SELECTIONS.

Selections from the Scriptures.

Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight. — Matt. xi. 26.

This is the finger of God. — Exod. viii. 19.

Man dieth, and wasteth away —. Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass. — Job xiv. 10, 5.

None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him that he should still live forever. — Ps. xlix. 7, 9.

For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff, the mighty man and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, and the prudent and the ancient, the captain of fifty, and the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator. — Isa. iii. 1–3.

In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. — MATT. xxiv. 44.

Thou sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. — Ps. xc. 3, 4.

So he giveth his beloved sleep. — Ps. cxxvii. 2.

Absent from the body, present with the Lord. — 2 COR. v. 8.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? — ROM. viii. 32.

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. — ROM. viii. 38, 39.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his

Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. — EPH. iii. 14–19.

When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, *Death is swallowed up in victory.* Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. — 1 COR. xv. 54, 57.

This is *life eternal*, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. — JOHN xvii. 3.

Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me. — JOHN xvii. 24.

He that overcometh shall *inherit all things.* — REV. xxi. 7.

Him that overcometh will I make *a pillar in the temple of my God*, and he shall go no more out. — Rev. iii. 12.

And *so* shall we ever be WITH THE LORD. Wherefore comfort one another with these words. — 1 Thess. iv. 17, 18.

SERMON.

SERMON.

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" — 2 KINGS ii. 3.

WITHOUT mention of father, mother, or descent, Elijah the prophet is abruptly projected into history, in the prime of his life, by the announcement, — "And Elijah the Tishbite said."

When the evening of his work-day had come, — a work-day spent in quiet chambers, royal streets, and the solitary wilderness, — the inspired historian invites us, as it were, to a coronation, to witness one of the sublimest and most significant events which Divine Grace ever permitted the eyes of man to look upon, — the sudden translation to heaven, in blazing chariot and horses of fire, in the midst of flaming

NOTE. — This sermon was preached at the chapel of the theological seminary, on the sabbath following the death of Dr. Taylor.

clouds and tempest and whirlwind, of a man living and moving in the fulness of his labors and his strength. Like an apparition he appeared upon the scene of action: as suddenly he left it.

In the verse to which your attention has been called are included two main points in the narrative of the last days of Elijah, — the plan of the Lord in the events, and the suddenness of the prophet's removal.

"Knowest thou that the *Lord* will take away thy master from thy head *to-day?*"

The first lesson taught us, is to learn to look upon death as *God's appointment*, in wisdom and in love, and not as a fatality.

What is the time of death? Is it any fixed and certain time? Is it confined to infancy, to middle life, or to old age? Look at the burial-grounds. Are all graves of the same length? Are all men sure that they shall have timely warning given by wasting sickness, by waning strength, by signs of danger? No man can tell whether death will strike him with the quickness of lightning, or threaten often, and delay long. If there be a time to die, and yet that

time be wholly unknown to us, and is beyond our control, with whom is the power of its appointment? The time of death, like the time of life, is dependent upon the Author and Lord of life. "Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, we are created: thou takest away our breath, we die, and return to the dust."

There is a time to die; and that time is lodged, where alone it can be safely lodged, in the hands of Him without whom there could be no life and no death. Since it belongs to Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love to appoint the time of death, we may be glad in the thought, that, coming by divine appointment, it comes when it should and as it should. In this conclusion, let us take up our permanent rest.

Without dwelling longer upon this point, let us pass on to some of the lessons taught us by the *suddenness of removal* from earth.

A near view of heaven is given in sudden deaths among God's children. This is one reason that should make the sudden death of a Christian very precious in our sight. Doubtless the home of the Blessed was brought very near to the mental vision of the fifty and one who

saw the prophet ascending in the chariot and horses of fire. He left them, as they had known him, in the fulness of his energy, with the fresh impress of his love upon their hearts, his last words of instruction still echoing in their ears; and in their mind's eye they could easily follow him in his upward way, and behold him at the right hand of the Majesty on high, *as they had seen him here*, and feel sure that the traits of character which had awed and attracted them on earth would find congenial companionship in the world upon which he had entered.

Not unlike this should be our feelings when our righteous friends are suddenly taken from our sight. We may trace their passage in the heavenly flight: it seems as if the sky were held back for us by unseen hands, that we might follow with our gaze the transfigured ones within the veil; and, through the blessed offices of memory and imagination, we seem to see them still, as we knew them in all that was noble, entered upon the joyful employments of their blessed life. Can impressions of this kind be so strong when our loved ones have wasted by sickness, and become weakened by infirmities?

True, they then teach us by their faith, their patience, their resignation. Their passive virtues shine with a heavenly lustre; but still there has been a change: the active energies of their former days have been suspended; that which made them unwearied messengers of charity and duty has long since been yielded up to slow decay. We have almost forgotten how they looked in health; and our latest remembrances of them are associated with their weakness and their disease; and we ask ourselves, Can this be the bright and happy being of former days that has entered into rest?

The sick-chamber has been the ante-chamber to heaven; but how sombre it was for the suffering that was endured there! Our very thoughts of the heavenly mansions are tinged with the gloom that has hung over us for weeks and months in the sick-room. Not so when death comes to seal the eyes with a flash, before they are waxed dim with age and disease, or the natural force is abated. Then our last remembrances of the departed are of all that they were in the fulness of their moral strength and beauty. All that was in them of purity and

loveliness, and variety of character, lives with us as a type and memorial of the spirit of the angelic life.

Again: the sudden death of those who are prepared to die saves them from much distress and misery. To the surviving friends the sudden shock is indeed appalling. We may not attempt to describe it. The plans of life formed by many whose lives were interwoven with those who are gone so quickly are instantaneously prostrated; hopes are scattered; a blight is cast upon every scene and object familiar to the departed. Every thing seems to conspire to aggravate the severity of the stroke. But if, for a moment, we can forget our grief, and think of our friends in their abode in glory, what a soothing to our wounded spirits comes to us in our forgetfulness of self and remembrance of them! Death has come suddenly; but from how much sorrow and pain, how much lingering anguish, how many sleepless nights and wearisome days, have the departed been saved! Death has come suddenly: it was the shock of a moment. Is that to be weighed against the agonies of weeks, of months, of years? In

the tenderness of our grief, we think of how much happiness we meant for them; but let us not forget, that, though happiness might have been, misery, too, might have been, had life continued. Let not our hearts be troubled. When we speak of what might have been, we only declare our most profound ignorance. *We do not know* what might have been. God knows, and God alone. God knows from what sundering of cherished ties, what tears and groans of agonized friends, what anxieties concerning those who must be left, from what bitterness of death, the loved ones have been spared.

It is often the experience of those whom God has blessed with abounding vitality, that their love of and hold on life is so strong, that, while they may not dread the world to come, yet naturally, and in a peculiar manner, they fear the moment of dissolution; and, with all the joys of a certain heaven before their vision, the thought of *the passage* to the other world fills the mind with terror. It is not death, but dying, that they shrink from: it is a dread independent of any fears for their future destiny. The pain of part-

ing with one's possessions and darling objects of earthly satisfaction is not so terrible as the dread of something hitherto utterly unknown. It is a leap in the dark, a plunge into a new element, we know not what. True, death is not a leap, a plunge, a sudden transition; but it *seems* so; and the seeming has all the terror of a reality.

From this fearful trial of the good man's faith does sudden death exempt him. No spectres haunt him for a moment. The old, old fear has not a chance of tormenting him. He does not even see the dark valley: there is no vision of the rod and the staff. He needs none. His last look was one of happy life upon beautiful life: the next look is upon the beauteous King and Lord of life.

At one moment he was conscious of *living:* the next he was conscious of *life*, — eternal life. Now he has no thought of dying: in the twinkling of an eye, not conscious of having died, he suddenly finds himself alive from the dead. This moment, he was awake *here:* the next, he has awaked in *His* likeness, *satisfied.* Happy, happy he to have been borne so quickly on

angels' wings across those turbid waves which so many of the righteous must slowly, wearily ford with fear and trembling!

In the solemn and beautiful Litany of the Episcopal Church, Sunday after Sunday goes up the prayer, "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us." There must be many who repeat it, who yet cannot heartily offer it. If sudden death, so painless, bringing heaven so quickly nigh, be the relief and blessing that we have seen it to be, why should we pray the good Lord to deliver us from it? "If I am living a humble Christian life," says the child of God; "if I am prepared to meet my Master at any hour, be it at the cock-crowing, or in the morning, or at the eventide; if the prevalent frame of my mind is heavenly and spiritual, — then, instead of praying, 'From sudden death, good Lord deliver me,' I would rather beg my Master to spare me the slow decay, the lingering disease, the tearful farewell, the final struggle in dissolution. I would ask him to let me work at my post till the very last moment, and then close my life with my labors."

But God needs his suffering witnesses, as well

as his valiant defenders of the faith. Let us remember Paul's words, and see to it that "Christ shall be magnified in our bodies, whether it be by life or by death;" that we glorify him in the pains of a lingering illness, or in a life conformed to his law of life.

But, my friends, *why* this almost universal shrinking from death? Is death always such a fearful talisman? Is every thing terrific, and is nothing bright and fair, in the world to come? Why this fear? Is not this the secret? — *the consciousness of being so ill prepared for death.* To be

> "Cut off even in the blossom of our sins,
> No reckoning made, but sent to our account
> With all our imperfections on our heads:"

this is what stares us in the face, and prevents us from reading our titles to heaven clear. Providence does indeed startle us into thinking from time to time, by snatching some neighbor or friend in an instant. We ask the question, "Why was it not I?" The warning comes thrillingly to our hearts, "Be ye also ready. . . . Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed

lest he fall." Our minds are solemnized. We are more prayerful for a time. Men begin to pray who never prayed before. Resolutions to serve God and seek heaven are formed. But the terror soon passes; and with the fleeting emotion fades the resolution, and in a little time we are living on in the same old ways as if Providence had never arrested our dull ears by his warning voice.

We often thank our heavenly Father for preserving us from "dangers unseen." Do we sufficiently comprehend what that thanksgiving covers? Think of the many causes of death, latent within us, and lurking without us; of the many avenues of our daily walk by which the breath of life may be expelled; of the frailty of our complex frame, with its thousand delicate strings.

> "We die, if one be gone;
> Strange that a harp of a thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long!"

There are a thousand snares and pitfalls for our souls; but reflect upon the hidden deaths that lie secreted all around us to assail our *bodies*.

The scratch of a pin, the sting of an insect, the turn of a wheel, the slipping of a belt, the misplacing of a switch, the loss of a screw, a bolt from the clouds, may send us at once from our bloom and prime to the judgment-seat of God. The bursting of a blood-vessel from over-exertion may send life pouring in a crimson flood from the bowl broken at the fountain. That very fulness of habit which calls out admiring compliments for your buoyant strength may be the indication of *too much* health; and the insidious, unsuspected disease may instantly still the throbbing of the heart. What surety has any one of us, preacher or hearer, that he shall be exempt from a quick summons to appear before the Judge? Would that these were the words of rhetorical exaggeration! But I do not speak them with the object of arousing a blind terror. I would rather excite thankfulness for the incessant miracle of God's guardian care; that the plans of life can be made as if long life and the accomplishment of our endeavors were to be surely ours.

Once more: such instances of sudden death are a proof, and pledge, and ground of hope of man's immortality.

Without a higher life, man is the great exception in existence, — "the only broken column in creation." Every thing else completes the design of its being, both as to its length of years, and purpose of existence; but man "cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." With him nothing is finished. Who is completely satisfied with his endeavors? One only could truly say, "I have *finished* the work thou gavest me to do." How few even arrive at the scriptural limits of life, — the brief threescore years and ten! It is only when a man sees that his life belongs to an eternal life beyond life, that he can bring the enigma of his existence into harmony with the rest of creation. In the light of this thought only can we interpret the sudden removal of the pure and the good.

Here, for instance, is a man of ripe mind and a noble heart. We have known and loved such an one. He filled a large and honored place in the public eye. Science knew him; humanity blessed him; religion rejoiced in him. Important interests were committed to his trust. He was walking firmly and faithfully in his

path of progress and usefulness. The meridian of life had been reached and passed, and he had entered on what Chalmers called "the sabbath of his life," — six working decades past; but this man's sabbath was rest in action. So active was he, that it seemed as if his noonday sun had been commanded to stand still. Suddenly his sun is darkened by clouds from which the snowflakes fall; and he sinks in all his glorious strength, while "knowledge weeps, and the ways of Zion mourn."

Yet *is* he dead? Has that burning and shining light been extinguished by capricious powers of the air, while so many smoking, glimmering rushlights fill life with their feebleness and reeking impurity? It cannot be. Was it not, rather, that a new luminary was needed among the golden lights of heaven, to shine with a purer lustre still, and so he "was transferred to the galaxy around the throne of the Eternal"?

We may wish, sometimes, that a little space had been given him to prepare for his solemn entrance into eternity, and for the testimony of his faith; but let us remember that the closing

scene, for the most part, is worth very little: it is not the last moment, but the whole life, breathing the spirit of Christ, which affords at once the best preparation, and the best evidence of fitness, for the final departure. We may sometimes wish that the loving hands of his dearest and best could have ministered to his necessities; but, so quickly did he rise, there was no need of ministering hands. We may wish that Memory had been permitted to soothe him with her song of duty done, and Religion to stand by him with uplifted finger: and yet there was exceeding fitness in his expiring as he did; and it was most appropriately ordered that he should come to the door of the sepulchre where his Lord had lain, bearing the precious spices of a stainless life, on the morning of "the first day of the week."

We may sometimes wish that he had been spared to the youth of our country yet many years, to guide them by his counsels, and to train their immortal powers; but we will return thanksgiving that he has been given to his country for so many years. We may mourn that his great powers, which as yet showed no

traces of decay, should be so early extinguished; and yet, when we reflect how sad it is to see a great mind breaking up, and a noble intellect shattered and overthrown by age, it was well that his sun should go down while it was yet day. It was a grand termination for such a noble life. It was the end which, perhaps, every man of powerful intellect covets for himself.

My younger brothers and fellow-pupils of the same beloved teacher, if I mistake not, the 29th of January, 1871, will forever be to you a memorable sabbath; for, like the fifty and one students in the schools of Bethel and Jericho, you witnessed on that day the departure from earth of your revered instructor.

The prophet of God went forth on the morning of his last day, knowing that the final hour of his earthly and troubled career had come; but our honored master left his quiet home without one word of warning whispered in his ear of his sudden translation so soon to be accomplished.

The fifty pupils of the ancient teacher came out with the sad presentiment, that, for the last

time, they were to see the instructor whom they almost worshipped, and who had given new life to their studies; but *you*, my brothers, — were any secret intimations given to you last sabbath morning, that for the last time you were to see your revered instructor in life?

The students of Bethel and Jericho turned to their fellow-pupil, and whispered in his ear, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" Was there *one* among you who could answer with the emphasis of the mourning Elisha, "Yea, *I* know it"? No. Is it possible that among so many of you, not even one knew that your master was to be taken away from your head that day? And he, so strong, so full of knowledge and wisdom, — did not he know it? Truly, in such an hour as we think not, "the Son of man cometh. Of that day and hour knoweth *no man*, — no, not the angels of heaven."

On the upper terraces, or on the mountain-heights behind the city, "stood afar off," in awe, the fifty students of Bethel and Jericho to watch the upward flight of the prophet: but you, my brothers, — you did not stand at a dis-

tance to gaze upon the final scene; you were near, very near, so near, that you could almost hear the parting spirit sigh; you could almost hear the fluttering of his rapidly-stilling heart; you saw those eyes which had smiled upon your good deeds, and frowned upon your ill-doing, compose themselves in fixed and majestic repose.

Only Elijah and Elisha — only "they two — stood by Jordan;" but *all* of you stood with him beside the rushing steam that rolls all round the world: yet he crossed alone. The waters parted for him alone: no favorite pupil could bear him company to talk "as they still went on." "The aged Gileadite could not rest until he again set foot on his own side of the river:" our loved one was never truly at rest until his foot touched those

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

But his lips were not permitted to inquire what he could do for you before he was taken away from you; and it was not for you to ask that a double portion of his spirit should rest upon you. A hard thing, indeed, to ask that

even two morsels of such a spirit as his should be bestowed upon our young hearts! You saw no rush of flames, of steeds and triumphal car, when he was swept from earth; you saw no mantle floating down from the sky; perhaps in the awfulness and mystery of that hour, overwhelmed by the dread and the suddenness of the unlooked-for final parting, you could not even in spiritual vision see his immortal spirit winging its way to join itself in companionship to Elijah and Elisha, and the fifty students of Bethel and of Jordan, and to all the noble army of prophets and teachers that now sit in loving reverence at the feet of the great Teacher.

My young brothers, could you have had the mournful joy that Elisha had, of hearing the last words of your beloved teacher, saying, "Ask what I shall do for you before I be taken from you," would you have asked for any thing less than the only gift that was in Elisha's mind to ask? — "We pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit rest upon us." What a rich parting gift would you have asked! "A double portion of *his* spirit!" — the spirit of unhasting, unresting diligence; of unpretending honesty; of

hearty sympathy; of abhorrence of evil; of brave loyalty to noble principles; of sound practical wisdom; of self-reliance among men; but of profound humility before God. A double portion of a spirit like this for a parting gift! He could not grant the gift; but the Giver of all gifts, who so richly endowed him, can impart the same to whomsoever will ask and work for them.

I am not here for eulogy. This is a place consecrated to the praise of God and the exaltation of Christ, and not to the praise of man. But we may not hesitate to render deserved honor to them whom God honors, and in the place where they honored him. You have already heard from the only fitting source all that can be said of our noble friend's character, influence, and labors; but I cannot forbear to place a pupil's tribute of grateful affection upon the new-made grave of my beloved master. Could I trust myself to speak at length of my own personal debt to him as a teacher, I might, indeed, have much to say to you; but, without one word of undeserved or unfelt homage, let this suffice. I owe to him, — and there are

hundreds, yes, thousands, now living who would eagerly join me in the admission, — I owe to him more than to any earthly teacher besides; more than any amount of gratitude or service on my part could adequately repay. I cannot tell, no one can tell, how much a pupil owes to a teacher of such unique qualities as our late principal possessed. Who can weigh and measure the amount of intellectual and moral force which such a man infused into pliant minds? You may as well try to estimate how much the food and air of ten years ago helped to make the vital forces of your body what they are to-day. Many a man of influence can say, "I am what I am; but I could not have been what I am, had not he been my master in youth." I am glad for the present senior class for what they have already known and felt of his power and guidance. I grieve with them that they could not have been guided by him to a joyful end.

From one point of view, I deeply sympathize with the under classes in the profound disappointment that they must feel as they think of what might have been theirs to enjoy and to profit by under his skill and wisdom.

God knows upon whom the mantle of our risen teacher has fallen. Pray, my brothers, pray that the guardians of the institution may see who it is that is to wear it. If God appoints the successor of your fallen leader, you may still hope to finish your course with joy and with honor.

Meanwhile, my young brothers, live and work, and I believe you will, as if you had listened to a moment's parting counsel from those lips that were voiceless on that sad morning as you received his sinking form into your arms. Might he not have said to you, "If you would respect my memory, be obedient; be dutiful; be loving; be earnest; be pure, brave, and manly; be Christlike; improve your powers to the uttermost, that you may be good men and good citizens, as God accounts goodness. Revere and love my successor, when he shall be appointed, as you have loved and revered me. Transfer your loyalty and loving obedience entirely to him. In the mean time, rally around your present teachers in this hour so trying to them. I go away; but the school remains. Let your loyalty to

the school be a motive to well-doing. Be proud of your membership, and let no stain of meanness nor rebellion blot your record. For my sake, love the school for which I have given my life. Let the love of truth, the love of order, the love of duty, the love of purity, and the love of God, be abiding principles *in* you, daily manifesting themselves in your outward action. I go away from you; but I shall watch over you, and follow you, and love you still"?

"*We miss him!*" My brothers, you have briefly, fittingly, and touchingly expressed it all in those simple words you have inscribed above that chair where he daily sat, and around which his undying echoes will linger. *We miss him!* You and we are personally afflicted. From a hundred lips have I heard it said during the last week, "I feel this to be a personal loss." "*We miss him!*" That is the best tribute we can pay to his blessed memory.

. . . . . .

Twenty-nine years ago, four years after our lamented teacher entered upon his duties as principal of Phillips Academy, one of the no-

blest men of modern times died at his post as head master of the great English school at Rugby.

Our departed friend has often been called the Arnold of America. But why make him great by comparison? I would rather choose to put Arnold for England, and call him her greatest educator; and I would put Taylor for America, and call him her greatest schoolmaster. The fame of our greatest educator cannot be heightened by calling him by the name of a foreigner, however noble; nor will the renown of England's greatest schoolmaster be diminished by our refusal to clothe our teacher with the thin gauze of a name. Our master was not Arnold; and yet one is surprised to find so many points of resemblance between these two representative teachers; and we are almost forced to conclude, that, in the character of all true educators, there must, of a necessity, be striking similarities.

Like Arnold, he began his great life-work at about thirty years of age.

Like Arnold, he had great intensity of physical life, which made labor a positive pleasure to him.

Like Arnold, he was eminently fitted by nature for his great work, in his love for imparting instruction. His vigor of spirits enabled him to deal with the young and the old; and, from his own lofty sense of noble living, he felt the need of introducing high principles of action into the entire school-life.

Like Arnold's, the school seemed to be entirely dependent on the head master. The institution was penetrated with his spirit. The school and the man were identical. Fathers as often spoke of sending their boys to Dr. Taylor, as of sending them to Phillips Academy. And no wonder. His whole ardent soul was in the school. The very air seemed pervaded by his influence. He seemed to look upon the institution in which he had spent the morning, noontide, and hale afternoon of his years, with the pride and satisfaction of the minstrel king when he gazed at the battlements of Zion. Whatever be the affection with which we remember the associate teachers, whatever may have been the school-life itself, or the beauties of the natural scenery, the one image before our minds, in recalling

our school-days, is not Andover, not the academy, but *the Doctor*. And when, in the time to come, his old pupils return to these familiar scenes of their school-days, they cannot refrain, I am sure, from standing over his grave, as Tom Brown stood over Arnold's, with hearts throbbing with a dull sense of their loss, and crying out in their souls as he did, "If I could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes; have told him all that was in my heart,— what I owed to him, how I loved and reverenced him, and will, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, — I could be happy."

Like Arnold, too, the objects he aimed at in education were *character* and *power*. The method of discipline to accomplish these objects was singularly like that of the great teacher at Rugby. We all felt that he wanted to develop in us a self-respecting manhood, for one thing; and, for another thing, he aimed at a healthy and harmonious development of all our powers. It was the boy in the totality of his nature that he aimed to educate. Accordingly, his method was to seek to awaken the intellectual activity of every individual boy. He

told us as little as possible, but made us discover as much as possible. To be educated in this way, as he often used to tell us, was to be *self*-educated. He made us feel most sensibly the difference between mere instruction and education. It was the difference between the means and the end to be secured by them. He seemed to teach as if it was not his business simply to impart knowledge, but to teach the way of getting knowledge. It took us a long time to see, perhaps we never did see, in "No. 9," how our hours of study and the recitation-drill were slowly, but surely, forming mental habits valuable for any sphere of future action. What we had to do must be done accurately. It must be done with all the speed possible and consistent: this required the concentration of our attention. We must be ready with our reason for the faith that was in us. This cultivated logic. Facts must not only be collected, but weighed, compared, and classified; and this taught us method. With a start in these four things, — accuracy, attention, logic, and method, — he equipped us for college. These, he told us, were the intellectual

instruments that every man needed, no matter what might be his calling in life.

With the dullest of us he was patient and helpful, if he could be assured that we were doing our best; but for the geniuses of the class, who "got along" by the light of Nature, without study, he had no mercy. He taught us that true study was the very soul of genius. Mere smartness with him was of little account. He wanted to see it united with sterling character. From genius or dullard all he required was faithful work, high principle, and gentlemanly conduct. The business-like manner of conducting a recitation, the quick glance of the eye, the rapping of the pencil, the pleased look and simple nod of the head which followed a good recitation, the deep, and severe-toned "sufficient" which followed a poor one, which he knew might have been better, — all these little traits of manner, — how often will they be recalled and talked over now that he is gone!

Curiously skilful he was in discovering the powers of his pupils: he saw the best thing that was in every one of us. He was able to point out

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to the weak boy in what consisted his strength; able to point out to every one the way in which they should struggle up: but who ever saw him parading his own powers? The mere idea of setting himself up as a superior being would have drawn from him one of those bursts of merriment, happy as childhood, which those who thoroughly knew him often used to hear.

Like Arnold, in the treatment of his pupils he was at once tender and severe. I am not sure but that this is the character of the ideal schoolmaster in a school like ours.

We used sometimes to complain that he treated us too much like boys. Well! what were we but "boys," and school-boys at that? But who can say that he did not treat us as school-boys that were to be, if he could help to make us, *Christian men?*

All of us stood in awe of him; many of us loved him; some of us dreaded him; no one hated him; and only those feared him who had, by their own folly, disturbed their friendly relations with him. None of us could say but that he always gave kindly admonitions and

timely premonitions to avert a threatened danger; and he never failed to call our attention to principles which lay more deeply seated than the mere question of the moment. It was our good, and not his pleasure, that he sought in the correction.

When the lips, compressed and firm, closed after the utterance of one clear, unalterable *No*, we saw at once the uselessness of further parley. Who shall say that this union of firmness, severity, and tenderness, was not infinitely better than the manner which is both cold and soft? I well remember of hearing him say, when speaking once of his austerity, "I sometimes find, with Hamlet, that I must be cruel only to be kind." But his "cruelty" was only a just severity.

Do you ask me if our master had no faults? As Everett answered of Webster, "He was a man. Do you again ask me the question? Look in your own breast, and get the answer there." In individual cases, he may have been too hasty in his action. Sensitive boys may have been sometimes unnecessarily wounded by his intense expressions concerning compara-

tively small transgressions. But, in general, his wonderful practical sagacity in searching a boy's character at a glance, prompted the right word, the right tone, and the right action. Never, in his severest moods, did he appear hard-hearted. It was his scorn of any thing low, vicious, or conscienceless, and not personal resentment, that sometimes occasioned a burst of indignation, and gave to his eye a look that penetrated your inmost heart. But he

> "Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead for him, like angels, trumpet-tongued."

If few expressions of affection escaped our lips while we were his immediate pupils, what freedom there was in expressing it in after-years! Not many months since, in walking down the street with one of his former pupils, upon seeing the Doctor a little in advance, my friend exclaimed in familiar phrase and with an energetic warmth, "*I just love that man!*" I believe that is a typical expression of almost every graduate from No. 9 who lived and worked *worthily* while he was here. And the

reckless have often admitted, that, while his rebukes and punishments excited their anger at the time, they could not help saying that they were treated with strict justice, and often with more mercy than they deserved. My fellow-pupils, if you have seen only the compressed lip of dignity and firmness on the face forever hidden from us, I am sorry for you, indeed, that you could not have seen what so many of us former pupils have so often delighted in when we have met him as the friend, and not as the master, — the most beautiful smile that I ever saw on a man's face, the most cordial greeting possible, and the sincerest interest in our present work and future prospects. Sorry, indeed, am I, that you will never know the deep undercurrent of sympathy which extended to all his pupils, and which sometimes broke through the reserve of his outward manner; for he seemed to have great difficulty, and perhaps dislike, in speaking when he had no real occasion for words.

All of you cannot experience the pardonable pride which many have felt in being the pupils of a man so widely known to the coun-

try. The feeling was excited the moment we entered No. 9, and felt his personal contact: then we felt sure that the half had not been told us of his ability. We were prouder of him than ever when the school-tradition came down to us, that the Doctor had once held a contest with the famous Greek scholar, the late Pres. Felton of Harvard College, and that our teacher had come off victorious over the Cambridge professor.

All of you who were his can recall, without effort, the union of simplicity and dignity, manliness and devotion, with which he used to conduct the services in the prayer-room. The earnest counsels that often followed the prayer contained more practical wisdom than many of us were able to appreciate. With what tremulous earnestness would he sometimes speak of cases of dishonor that had occurred in the school, showing a deep sorrow of heart that there could be boys so depraved as even to *think* of the disreputable deed!

But I must not indulge in reminiscences. They would take me too far.

Like Arnold, he was a successful teacher.

His success was proportioned to his merits. It was visible not only upon the intellectual culture of his pupils, but also upon their character. That continual watchfulness and readiness of mind, that untiring energy, that clearness of communication, that sympathizing insight into the youthful mind, — qualities so essential to the true teacher, — were his in an unusual measure. These qualities we all sensibly felt; but the *indirect* influences which distilled from his *life*, which emanated from the whole man in his step, eye, and tone, — these invisible influences on character cannot even be indicated; and He alone can read them who can see that which is real and enduring in character, and who will one day recognize all faithful, unseen endeavor.

Like Arnold's, his influence was felt as a Christian. I hardly know how to speak of my impressions of his spiritual qualities; for they did not seem to be detached from his mind, but pervaded it: they were not so much in his words as in his life. A natural diffidence seemed to keep him from much speaking on religious themes; but no one was ever left in

doubt what principle of Christ's had been violated in our wrong-doing; and in numberless ways was Christ held up before us as Redeemer, Motive, Model, and Guide. We all felt that our master was a Christian in every pulse of his being; that he believed in Christ as a truth, and knew him in his daily life; and that it was his ardent desire, that all the affairs of the school should be pervaded with the spirit of Christ.

In these particulars, — their peculiar fitness for the work of educators, in their relations to the great educational institutions of which they had the charge, in their objects and practical methods of teaching, in their personal relations to their pupils, in the invisible influence of their own characters, in the Christian spirit of their lives and labors, and in many individual traits of manner and character, — Arnold of Rugby and Taylor of Andover were wonderfully alike.

Their points of difference were such as the Father of their spirits determined in his own counsels when he sent them into their great work. Whatever might have been their differ-

ence in natural endowments, both were alike in this, — they cultivated their natural powers honestly, truly, zealously, and to their utmost.

In many respects so much alike in life, they were strangely alike in the circumstances of death.

Twenty-nine years ago, at eight o'clock on a sabbath morning, with his second son bending over him, his eldest and youngest being absent, after a two-hours' illness of heart-disease, Dr. Arnold entered into rest.

Just one week ago, at about nine o'clock on a sabbath morning, with his second son and his beloved pupils bending over him, his eldest and youngest sons being absent, by a sudden stroke of heart-disease, Dr. Taylor entered into rest. Arnold and Taylor, perpaps, hand in hand, sat together last sabbath at the feet of the great Teacher whom they had loved and served so well on earth. Oh, what converse those two will hold together, whom sympathy of aims and work and character have brought into close companionship! Surely our loss is his gain.

There was something martially stirring in

the death of Arnold. The last enemy appeared suddenly; but he was met with the calm pride of a hero. In the acutest pain, he yet inquired into the nature of his disease with as much precision and coolness as if he had been questioning a pupil; and his last look was one of unutterable kindness.

There is something even more glorious and beautiful in the death of Taylor. Literally in the path of duty; with the last words he ever spoke on earth — "My *duty* lies with my pupils" — hardly passed his lips; doubtless with his mind filled with thoughts suggested by the duty and the day; within the very temple of industry and peace, where he had ministered as the high priest; with his sorrowing pupils around him; — he breathed his last upon their breast, and dropped into the Everlasting Arms.

. . . . . .

From yonder quiet grave, from that noble, earnest life which has vanished from our earthly gaze, comes to all this lesson, — the divine sacredness of duty.

Fidelity to duty was his watchword in life; "duty" was his last word; and a duty was his

last work. Setting before us, as he did, the *praise of God* as the end of our lives, and the *service of truth* as the motive of endeavor, we shall also share his glorious reward.

Another lesson of his life is the worth and power of *goodness*. It is as a good man that we can imitate him. His gifts, his opportunities, his attainments, may not be given to any of us: his goodness and piety may be the inheritance of all. The success and eminence of our beloved friend is an irrefutable argument against the foolish notion that goodness is allied to weakness, and is fatal to success. By his noble example of simple goodness and patient toil, he, being dead, yet speaketh.

Let his *death* teach us to live prepared for the sudden sundering of domestic and social ties, so that no remembrance of wounded love may haunt us at open grave-sides; let it teach us to keep our hearts at peace with Him before whose unveiled presence we may at any moment find ourselves; let it teach us, that, while we are providing for all the contingent events of life by insuring ourselves against danger and loss, we neglect not our foresight for eter-

nity. Let multiplied warnings awake the over-confident, in vigorous health, from their slumber among the tombs; "For in such an hour as they think not the Son of man cometh."

How gloriously beautiful was the fitting end that the Author of life had planned for such a noble career! Glory be to Jesus, who brought life and immortality to light, and in whom our departed one trusted, his career is not ended! it has only just begun. Glory be to Jesus, that, though you did not see his ascending spirit, nevertheless it *did* ascend, and he stands transfigured in the presence of the Lord of life, to die no more, but to be as the angels of God forever! His home, our school, our hearts, are made desolate; but the grave is desolate also. We go there to weep, and the angel of the resurrection meets us; a voice comes to us, 'He is not here: he is risen. Let us try to banish our thoughts of the dark coffin and the lonely grave, and lift them to our Father's house on high. The grave is near; but heaven is nearer. To think of the joy of departed friends, to get, in imagination, a glimpse of their blissful state, will help to arm

us with fortitude to bear our loss, and to urge our faltering footsteps onward in the path they trod before us.

God grant to the deeply afflicted among us that faith and patience may have their perfect work! May they be supported by the thought that now, as before, there is love, and love only, in the heart of God for them; for God is love, and he *cannot* be any thing else. May they learn in stillness all the lessons he would teach them! Taught by sorrow, may they know better than ever how blessed it is to give and to receive sympathy! When the passion of their grief has passed away, may the enlargement of their nature remain! Cheered by the consolations of the gospel, guided by the risen and living Saviour, encouraged by his saints, may they be elevated above their sorrows; come forth sweetened, ennobled, and purified from the furnace; and be found among those, who, through much tribulation, have entered into the kingdom of God!

APPENDIX.

RESOLUTIONS

OF THE

STUDENTS OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst, by sudden death, our beloved and respected principal, Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D.: therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death we, the members of Phillips Academy, mourn the loss of a faithful friend and instructor, whose piety, justice, and Christian example have endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our unfeigned sympathy in this hour of their bereavement, and assure them that his memory will ever be cherished by us.

Resolved, That the school will manifest its respect for the memory of the deceased, and its

sympathy with the bereaved family, by wearing the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and by attending the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a committee of eight be appointed from the school to consult the family, and make such arrangements as are deemed necessary. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be conveyed to the family of the deceased, and be inserted in "The Boston Journal," and "Lawrence American."

RESOLUTIONS

OF THE

ALUMNI OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Resolved, That the alumni of Phillips Academy resident in Boston and its vicinity, assembled on occasion of the sudden death of the late principal, Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D., wish hereby to express their sense of the irreparable loss which they and the whole community have sustained in his decease, and their appreciation of the great and invaluable service which, as a teacher, scholar, editor, and author, he has, during a life of energetic activity, rendered to the cause of liberty, education, and culture in this country.

Resolved, That, along with the emotions of grief caused by so great a loss, the memory of his kindness of heart, his earnest interest in

the improvement and welfare of his pupils, his conscientious fidelity and devotion to duty, and his high Christian character, re-awakens the liveliest feelings of affection, gratitude, and reverence.

Resolved, That it is hereby recommended, that, as a mark of respect, the alumni generally attend his funeral.

NOTE A. — *Address*, p. 51.

After describing the death of Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley says, "What that Sunday was in Rugby it is hard fully to represent, — the incredulity, the bewilderment, the agitating inquiries for every detail, the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day. . . . It was naturally impossible for those who were present [at his death] to adjust their recollections of what passed with precise exactness of time or place." So was it after the death of Dr. Taylor. The air was full of rumors; and no one could obtain certain information in regard to the particular incidents of the scene. Some of the closing sentences of the funeral address have been modified, in order to make them a more accurate narrative of the events as they occurred.

It was about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, on the stormy morning of the 29th of January, 1871, that Dr. Taylor died on the floor of the first story, near the chapel, of

Phillips Academy. In less than two minutes after he fell, more than a hundred of his pupils were gathered around him: fully two hundred were soon assembled; and, in about ten minutes after his fall, he died in the arms of his son. His funeral was solemnized at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 2d of February, in the large hall of the academy. He had reached the age of sixty-three years, three months, twenty-six days. At the biblical exercise on the sabbath morning of his death, he was intending to explain parts of the first and second chapters of the Book of Acts. On the previous Saturday noon, he conducted the devotional exercises of his school for the last time; reading the hymn, —

"Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive," —

the last stanzas which he ever perused. At the morning devotions in the chapel, he read the fourteenth chapter of Mark's Gospel, from the forty-sixth verse to the end; and commented on verses 66–72, as compared with verses 27–32. This was his last comment on the Bible.

Physicians differ and doubt in regard to the cause of his sudden decease, but suppose it to have been apoplexy, or a disease of the heart, — perhaps a rheumatic affection attacking that organ. It is probable that he had anticipated a sudden death; but he did not expect that it would occur so soon. He had formed such plans of study and authorship as would have given him two years of arduous work. In view of his probable expectation of a sudden exit from life, we may detect the hidden emphasis of the words which he wrote in regard to the death of his father-in-law, Rev. Edward L. Parker of Derry, New Hampshire.

While returning from an evening service on the sabbath day (July 14, 1850), this "model pastor" was seen by one of his parishioners "in the act of falling forward:" the parishioner immediately "caught the pastor in his arms; when he expired without a struggle, not breathing more than once afterwards. Thus ended the days of this faithful minister of the gospel. It was a fitting time to die, — in the midst of his labors; on the sabbath, after its duties were all performed, and at the going-down of

the sun. Appropriately did one of his parishioners remark, 'He served his Master faithfully all day, and went home to rest at night.' It would have been gratifying to his friends, could they have stood beside him as he breathed out his life, and received from him his last messages and parting blessing. But 'what God appoints is best.' They know how he had lived, and they know what would have been his message to them and to the people of his charge, could he have spoken to them as he was entering another world." — *Memoir*, p. 48.

NOTE B. — *Address*, p. 29.

Reminiscences of a Pupil of Dr. Taylor.

"Dr. Taylor's manner towards us was dignified; an air of authority was around him; and we all felt that there was a strong hand over us. To come under his influence was to move into a new system of gravitation: every one, even the dullest, felt that now he was expected to *accomplish something*. He increased his authority by maintaining a reserve towards us, which, indeed, he seldom relaxed until we had left his care as pupils, and met him as friends; when his manner became in the highest degree frank and cordial.

"I vividly recall the old school-days of fifteen years ago: the exercises were then held in the Stone Academy, which has since been burned to the ground. At half-past eight o'clock, we assembled for morning prayers. The moment that Dr. Taylor appeared at the door, we all rose, and remained standing while he ascended to the desk, and uttered the invocation. A

chapter of the New Testament was then read aloud by the scholars, each one reading in turn; and then the doctor, while sitting in his chair, frequently gave us a clear and pungent exposition of some text in the morning lesson which was adapted to our religious needs. I can almost hear at this moment his heavy and sonorous voice as he uttered some great truths of revelation, and said, 'Notice these points, young men: *weigh* them well." After offering the morning prayer, he often arose and made us an address; sometimes managing in a masterly manner a case of discipline in the school, sometimes urging us to greater diligence in study, warning the thoughtless of the advantages which they were neglecting, and painting so vividly the regrets which in future years awaited the idle, that we all felt them at the very moment. Occasionally he threw the whole weight of his character against some foolish opinion which was taking possession of our minds; and in a few moments chased it away, as a fog is scattered by a sharp wind. We listened to these remarks as though our destiny depended upon them: at times, they

were stirring and powerful, — always racy, occasionally tinged with humor. The Scotch-Irish of Londonderry were noted for their wit, — a gift of which Dr. Taylor had a share; not indeed large, but large enough to smooth at times the rigor of his discipline. During the delivery of his most vehement passages, however, he kept his eyes fixed, not upon us, but on his desk; a remnant of an early diffidence, which never entirely left him. I imagine that he was originally bashful in his temperament, until experience and success rendered him bold.

"At the close of the devotional exercises, those of us who belonged to the senior class went to the Doctor's recitation-room, — the famous No. 9 of the building, — and awaited his arrival. The hour and a half of that morning recitation all of us will remember until the day of our death. As soon as he was heard at the door, our mirth was hushed. He entered the room with a firm and heavy tread, looking straight before him; opened the text-book, and commenced the recitation. He first reviewed the lesson of the previous day, and then commenced the advance. Upon the review, he

was very rigid in his requirements: towards mistakes in the advance, he was far more lenient. In a few moments, every one felt the spell of the Doctor's influence. We seemed to leave the outside world, and float off with him on a strong, irresistible current. The thoughts of the day departed wholly from the mind; we lived in other ages, — with our intellectual ancestors; again we were wandering with Aeneas, retreating with the ten thousand, burning with Achilles in his wrath. We were called up with great rapidity, and trained to tell promptly and concisely what we knew. Woe to the boy who professed to understand what he did not! No matter how smoothly he could repeat it, the fraud was instantly detected, and exposed without mercy. As I look back to these exercises in the light of subsequent attainments, they do not seem to me like recitations in Greek or Latin, but lectures upon the science and formation of language. The ease with which Dr. Taylor handled an intricate passage was astonishing. In a few words, he pointed out the subject and predicate, detached

the connecting clauses, and took the sentence to pieces in a manner which would interest the dullest. The minutest touches of the Greek author, the position of the particles, the various meanings of the article, the delicate methods, unknown to any modern tongue, by which thought could be implied, yet not expressed, aroused his enthusiastic attention. I heard him once say, that, on the whole, 'his saddest task was to deal with men who attended to generalities, and neglected details.' The tenses of the Greek verb quivered with life and meaning in his hands; and he detected the subtile Greek idioms which enrich our modern poets. On one occasion, he explained at great length the peculiar power of the Greek imperfect tense to paint or describe a continued action; and suddenly he darted his exact meaning into our minds by quoting the line from Milton: —

> He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
> *Was moving* toward the shore.'

"Dr. Taylor was not a poet; but, when he illustrated to us the great poets of antiquity, he

merged his being into theirs, and became a poet for the time. He made us all hear the murmur of the 'deep resounding sea,' 'and the clang of the silver bow;' when he scanned the words, 'Arma virumque cano,' they sounded like the roar of the ocean. Nor did he let the clear lunar beauty of the 'Anabasis' escape our boyish attention. I heard him once draw almost a volume of poetry from each word of Virgil's terrific line, —

'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum;'

and at another time I heard him repeat in a transport of delight, —

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο·

— when suddenly his face changed, a new thought darted across his mind, he repeated Milton's line, —

'Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl;"

— 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there is more poetry in those two lines than in all the rest of literature.' This union of grammatical minuteness and poetic beauty in the teacher, the severe ten-

sion of our own minds, the rapid change of our thoughts, — at one moment receiving an idea from our instructor, the next instant imparting to him our own, gave to his recitation-room an indescribable excitement. After graduation, some of his pupils enjoyed the instructions of world-renowned men, who probably surpassed Dr. Taylor in extent of attainment. I have observed, however, that they often retained little of those instructions, beyond the vague remembrance of meeting an eminent man at the lecture-room, while they could take up Virgil or Homer, and recall many of Dr. Taylor's comments, as though uttered yesterday.

"Nor was he one who could be described, upon the whole, as a man of eloquence. Yet sometimes he spoke to us so earnestly, that he seemed to become the mere means through which the truth or the need of the hour impressed itself upon us; and never have I felt more stirred by the address of any one. His remarks upon our school compositions were admirable, and showed much knowledge of the author's art. On Wednesday afternoons, we were required to declaim before the school. His

comments upon our efforts were models of criticism, and showed a great knowledge, not only of our characters, but of the principles of rhetoric. I remember once that a pupil recited an extract from Webster, and charmed the young audience by a declamation which was really false and theatrical. The Doctor said to him kindly, 'Granting your conception of the piece, you have spoken admirably; but I think you have misunderstood the author's meaning. Consider, first, what the author honestly meant; secondly, how you can express it.' I have sometimes thought that Dr. Taylor's power was due to a certain balance of his faculties, rather than to the pre-eminence of any one talent. Upon the basis of common sense and Saxon energy of character there rested several powers, which were always strong and available, though no one of them was of the *very highest* order. Without being a man of vast erudition, he was an able scholar; though not a poet, he was often poetic; he was not an orator, but was occasionally eloquent.

"What, then, is our estimate of Dr. Taylor after a fifteen-years' interval, when the preju-

dices and irritations of boyhood have passed away? Time develops his memory well: he towers up grandly in the distance. The impression which he made upon our youth was no illusion; for his stature seems as large to the man as it did to the boy: but he is now better understood, and grows more genial with age, as some buildings wear a softer outline when seen in the distant perspective. The thoughtless and idle disliked him, undoubtedly; yet I have noticed that, when they became responsible for boys, they often hastened to place them under his care. Like the loadstone, with an affinity for steel and iron, his character recognized intuitively all that was good in other men. I never saw in any mind such a sympathy with the right intention of others, whether this intention was struggling against obtuseness, early disadvantages, or the pressure of poverty. Naturally a ruler, he had a strong moral sense of the necessity of training the young to obedient habits. In his eye, subordination was the first virtue of the pupil: he was the stern foe of the proud and unyielding, and sometimes probably denied them real justice. To

the contrite, however, his heart warmed; and, to save the penitent, he did at times risk the authority of the school. I thought that a few took advantage of this kindness, and persuaded him to retain them in their places when his real judgment was to dismiss them at once. With a strong natural sense of the worth and mission of the scholar, he longed to raise all his pupils into this exalted class of men; yet his sense of duty controlled his passion, and he aimed at the development of manhood rather than the accumulation of learning in the pupil's mind. Most of the complaints against him have originated from the unworthy. In the main, the public has decided in his favor; and it is unjust to weigh a few instances of conduct which seemed to be arbitrary, against thirty years of constant and increasing success. To expect perfection is always unwise. Some teachers may have avoided his faults, but few have surpassed his merits; and the youth of our land may be obliged to wait long before another such instructor is raised up for their service."

SINCE the preceding was in type, another of Dr. Taylor's pupils, a professor in a New-England college, has written, "The strictness of Dr. Taylor's discipline to a well-disposed student was no more disagreeable than a bracing north-west wind to sound lungs and a good constitution. We knew that we *must* study under him, and we were glad to be *made* to form good habits of study. Many, like myself, had such experience of his kindness in poverty or sickness, that we came to understand what a warm heart there always was beneath his usual and natural reserve of manner. We had our eyes opened to comprehend what and how much was meant by 'classical scholarship:' at least, the dullest of us saw 'men as trees walking.' We were taught *how* to study. We were compelled to some degree of accuracy and thoroughness in our lessons. He gave us some insight into the meaning and spirit of the works we studied. His renderings of words, phrases, passages of Virgil and Sallust, could not be forgotten. Following, as they so often did, his exposition of the syntax

of a sentence, or of some allusion, or his revelation of the radical meaning of a word, they were 'as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies.' And it does seem to me that they were *models* in the way of translation. They had not only the merit of fidelity to the exact meaning of the original; they were given in English that was idiomatic, concise, elegant. Had he chosen *to edit* Virgil, I believe he would have resembled Conington in some of his brightest excellences as an annotator and translator.

" That he was a most patient workman upon all the material put under his hands, however unpromising, all his pupils can and must realize in looking back; and appreciate the fact that his power or genius to fashion and to train equalled his rare scholarship, and his ability to instruct."

NOTE C.

Anticipating that this volume may reach some friends not familiar with the circumstances attending the death of our revered teacher, and wishing, also, to correct some slight misstatements, we append the following brief details.

There is little doubt, that, for the last few years of Dr. Taylor's life, he was subject to a rheumatic affection of the heart, and that this was the immediate cause of his death.

Sabbath morning, Jan. 29, 1871, at five minutes after nine o'clock, Dr. Taylor left his house for the academy, to conduct the biblical exercise.

Though suffering from physical prostration, devotion to duty strengthened him to face snow and storm; and he was enabled to enter the building in which he so delighted to labor for the young. But the lesson of that sabbath morning we were not to learn from his lips in the room consecrated to prayer. It may, in the providence of God, be worked out in our lives.

Just before the bell ceased to toll, and while many of the boys were yet coming in, he walked a few steps into the large entry, staggered towards the railing near the stairs, but, failing to grasp it, sank heavily upon the floor; and without a struggle his faithful spirit returned to God who gave it. Every thing that terror-stricken pupils could do was done; but neither the longing of friends nor the skill of physicians could call back to life him who had fallen at the post of duty.

Soon the scholars went quietly away; some to church, some to their rooms, all bewildered. An hour after, the body was carried to the house.

That evening, Prof. Taylor of the seminary met quite a number of the pupils and friends in the prayer-room, and spent an hour in prayer and appropriate remarks.

The committee of exigencies of the trustees decided that Mr. Goldsmith, the Peabody instructor, should act temporarily as principal; and that the regular exercises of the school, except the recitations of the senior class, should continue till the day of the funeral.

Upon due consideration, it was thought best to hold the funeral-services in the academy hall. At noon, on Thursday, prayer was offered at the house by Prof. Phelps; and at half-past twelve the remains were escorted by the senior class to the chapel of the academy; ten of the class acting as a guard of honor, and having general charge of the remains.

In accordance with resolutions found on page 103, adopted by the school, the prayer-room, or chapel, was heavily draped in mourning. The black was relieved with white bordering and white rosettes. At the west end of the room there was a black background, like the front of a marquee, over which, in white, was the inscription, "We miss him." The curtains were sufficiently drawn aside to show a portrait of the deceased. In the middle of the room stood the casket, covered with flowers mingled with trailing smilax.

No. 9, his recitation-room, was draped in a somewhat similar manner: the desk and empty chair also bore emblems of mourning.

At an early hour, people commenced pouring into the academy building; and by two

o'clock, the time appointed for the funeral services, the hall was crowded, many being compelled to stand, though settees had been placed in the aisles. From twelve to fifteen hundred persons were present. Among the audience were many alumni, and other gentlemen of distinction in various walks of life. The speaker's desk was covered with black; and on its front were a cross and a crown of beautiful flowers.

The Lockhart Society of the Theological Seminary began the services by singing. Prof. J. L. Taylor next read the selections of Scripture found on page 55, and offered an earnest prayer. The choir then sung —

"Why do we mourn departed friends?"

after which the address by Prof. Park, which opens this volume, was listened to with the deepest interest. The closing prayer was offered by Prof. Noyes of Dartmouth College; then an appropriate hymn was sung, and the benediction pronounced; after which a procession of great length was formed in front of the building.

First the members of the school, next the

hearse and relatives of the deceased. After the relatives came the teachers, the senior class, alumni, and other friends. The services at the grave were very short, and were conducted by Pres. Smith of Dartmouth College.

After the funeral, the alumni met at the academy, and appointed a committee to take into consideration the subject of procuring a bust of the deceased, and erecting a monument to his memory.

The resolutions found on page 105 were adopted by the past students of Phillips Academy, at a meeting held in Boston on the Wednesday preceding the day of the funeral.

Many thoughts not altogether foreign to the subject have occurred to us while attempting this sketch; but it is not the place here to moralize for our readers: we cannot, however, refrain from giving expression to the prayer that went up from at least one soul, as our loved preceptor was seen buffeting the storm of that memorable sabbath morning: "God grant that a double portion of his spirit may fall on us!"

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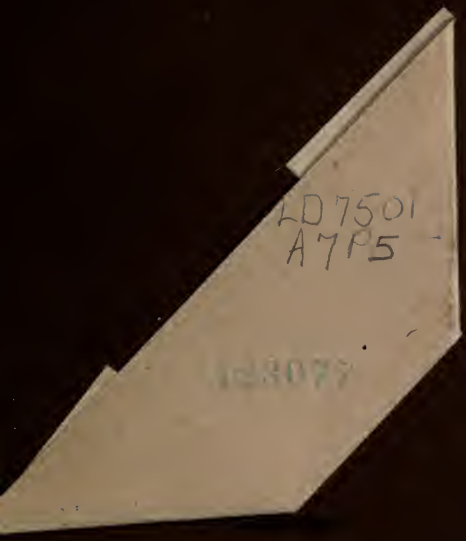
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